

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1684, June 30, 1951

YOUNGEST REPORTER IN THE ARCTIC

NEWS FROM THE FAR NORTH

By a CN Special Correspondent

THE editor of the Canadian newspaper News of the North lately received a report from one of his most northerly correspondents. She is 14-year-old Ann Webster, daughter of Canon J. H. Webster, formerly of Blackpool and now Anglican missionary at the Eskimo settlement of Coppermine, in Arctic Canada, where the sea-ice of Coronation Gulf is piled into high ridges.

Canon Webster is also local correspondent for the News of the North. He sends his reports to the editorial offices at Yellowknife (500 miles to the south on the shores of Great Slave Lake), as and when the plane arrives from Great Slave with mail.

But recently Canon Webster left his wooden-built mission station on a 1000-mile dog-sledge journey (or, as he calls it, "on a round of my parish"), and Ann took over his job of newspaper reporter.

ANN'S "COPY"

The CN's own correspondent was in the Yellowknife offices of News of the North when bush-pilot Ernie Boffa arrived with the mail from Coppermine, including Ann's "copy." Here are some extracts from her report:

Canon Webster and (Eskimo) Jack Alonak are on their way to Bathurst Inlet (through which Sir John Franklin sailed). With them is young Bobby Pangnak-tak, the star pupil of the Coppermine Day School. We hope they won't have to travel through water over the sea-ice when they make the return journey.

The Revd. Father Lapointe left with an Eskimo family for Reid Island after a few days here at Coppermine.

Quite a number of people from Reid Island are here. This is a good year for fur, and they are here to exchange their pelts for foodstuffs which are not available at Reid Island.

Constable Ed Jones (of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police) and the Eskimo, Noel Avadluk, are somewhere up in the northern snows of Holman Island. We trust they are enjoying their patrol.

Bob Ekallukpialuk and Sam Tablo are leaving us for the Charles Cammell (Tuberculosis) Hospital at Edmonton. We hope their stay there will be brief.

It looks as though spring is just around the corner, much to the joy of everyone. Some people predict an early spring and break-up of the ice. We wonder!

LESSONS BY RADIO

What kind of a life does Correspondent Ann Webster live inside the Arctic Circle? In answer to this question she would probably say, "Much like I would in Blackpool, where Daddie comes from and his father lives now." But this would not be strictly true.

For example, Ann "goes to school" by radio. The Coppermine Day School is for Eskimo

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THREE MEN CLIMB THE RUWENZORI

A canon, a Swiss major, and a cameraman have climbed the Ruwenzori, in Central Africa.

This chain of snowy peaks, soaring at some points to 16,800 feet, is over 60 miles long. The range forms an icy barrier between the two great lakes of Albert and Edward, separating the Belgian Congo from British Uganda.

Today, the Ruwenzori is one of Africa's greatest attractions for botanists and collectors.

But though part of its ascent is fairly simple, only expert mountaineers and those of the toughest endurance attempt the scaling of the glaciers. Some of the peaks remain unconquered.

HEAVY RAINFALL

Its northern slopes have the tremendous rainfall of 200 inches a year (eight times the London average), turning the rivers into raging torrents. Bushbuck, leopards, wild pigs, and monkeys roam its slopes; kites, buzzards, and ravens wheel overhead.

The team of three who have just climbed one of the most difficult glaciers are Father Detry, Major Tissieres, and Gaby Felix. They set out with a dozen African porters, who were led by Maniani, the only native to have scaled the peak.

Above 10,000 feet a weird "moon" landscape takes shape, and the mountaineers plod along a narrow track in the mud until they see ahead the macabre forest of Kitomka. On this lap, too, is the Black Lake, so called because it lies between gaunt mountain flanks, perpetually hidden from the sun.

Higher yet is another, greener lake, dominated by strangely beautiful rock structures. So through another dense forest full of large yellow flowers, to the feet of the glaciers.

BITTER COLD

Stinging snow falls almost unceasingly here; and Maniani was the only native remaining with the trio at this stage.

Major Tissieres lost no time in reconnoitring the glacier. They decided to make the climb next day. But in the morning they awoke in a temperature 20 degrees below zero. Nevertheless, they started out.

Within an hour their attempt had been foiled. The weather worsened, visibility shrank, and they returned to their sleeping-bags. The wind rose into a gale, tearing at their frail shelter.

Snow fell heavily again when the gale died down, keeping the climbers in the hut for another three days. Brief quiet spells enabled them to go outside to ease

Continued in next column

One of the bandmen of the Seaforth Highlanders hands over his trombone to allow a young admirer to "have a go."

GIE
IT A
BLAW!



SHORTHORN-TYPIST

A misprint in a newspaper advertisement which requested applications for the post of "shorthorn-typist" for the South-West Electricity Board attracted the following reply from "Much Munching, Chew Magna":

"Being a thoroughbred Jersey cow I beg to offer my services. I was educated at Wembdon Fields, and passed my T.T. in May, 1949. I have also passed a Pitman's examination at 120 squirts a minute."

The applicant also offered to provide "cooling drinks for hard-pressed Civil Servants."

Continued from previous column

their stiffness, and during one of these Gaby Felix tried to take some photographs. Suddenly he slipped into a narrow but deep crevasse, and only the stoutness of his figure saved him from certain death.

More snow tempted the trio to return to the valley, but on the next day they made the attempt, and succeeded. They had climbed the Ruwenzori.

LODGERS IN THE NEST

In a nest near a farm at Watten, Caithness, a partridge recently laid a clutch of 16 eggs and then settled down to brood on them. At this point a Red Sussex hen wandering from the farm decided that the partridge's nest was just the place to lay her daily egg.

Far from resenting this intrusion, the partridge seemed to welcome the visitor. She moved over whenever the hen put in an appearance, and spread herself over all the eggs when the hen departed again. According to the latest report the hen has now laid nine eggs in the nest.

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OLD FRIENDS BY THE SEASIDE



Young holidaymakers at Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, make friends with two of the beach donkeys.

PROGRESS IN AFRICA

Steps towards more self-government

THE plan to create a British Central African Federation reported to Parliament the other day indicates the growing economic and political importance of countries which only two generations ago were considered as the heart of the Dark Continent. In recent months, too, there have been significant developments in other parts of Africa.

In most areas of British Africa whole peoples are today being educated towards self-government—a development which ranks as one of Britain's finest achievements in recent years.

Already the colony of the Gold Coast has a government in which Africans play a very important part. But its two million people, whose livelihood depends on such staple products as cocoa, are not only being guided towards self-government but also towards prosperity. Their leader, Mr. Kwame Nkrumah, when visiting London recently with Mr. Kojo Botsio, Minister of Education and Social Welfare in the colony's Legislative Assembly, rightly declared that "democracy is a nice word but it can't do well on empty stomachs."

The size of the job facing Gold Coast Colony and its near neighbour, the much larger colony of Nigeria, is admittedly tremendous.

EXPERTS NEEDED

Much that is needed for the life of a modern nation—hospitals, factories, roads, and railways—has still to be built or at least substantially enlarged. Great are the opportunities in British West Africa for doctors, engineers, chemists, and a host of specialists of the more advanced nations; and the governments of these territories are now eagerly looking for our experts. They are not content, however, with only seeking European aid. The creation of native

experts and the spread of education generally are considered by the African Ministers as the real key to the solution of their difficulties.

Education in the widest possible sense is vital. It is essential, for instance, to teach the often illiterate cocoa farmer that the best way to improve his plantation is to cut down the cocoa trees affected by the swollen shoot disease.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION

There is also great need to educate the young people. Mr. Nkrumah, indeed, told the British Press of a compulsory educational service which he proposed to introduce in his native country on the lines of compulsory military service elsewhere. Under this scheme every African who has obtained higher education would be obliged to spend a year in teaching his fellow-countrymen reading, writing, and arithmetic.

The movement towards self-government is spreading, and towards the end of this year Nigeria, a country over four times as big as Great Britain and with a population of some 25 million, will obtain a federal constitution and a form of representative government similar to that in Gold Coast Colony.

Self-government is also the aim of the proposed British Central African Federation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, in which the white settlers play such an important role.

REPORTER IN THE ARCTIC

(Continued from page 1)

children only, so Ann receives her lessons by radio from Yellowknife.

What does she wear? In summer, just ordinary clothes, except when the wind blows and it is cold; in winter, two layers of caribou-fur clothing, the top skin with the fur outwards, the under layer with the fur inwards.

For relaxation there is ski-ing and sledging in winter, when it is dark most of the day. At this time of the year she can fish, and study the flowers that carpet the tundra, and the birds that arrive in thousands from the balmy lands to the south. And then, of course, there are the "usual things to do around the house."

No doubt Ann Webster is now collecting further news items for her column in the News of the North.

HEALING THE SCARS

The South-Eastern Coal Board are to sow three varieties of trees on the pit mounds of Kentish coal-mines. When these have advanced sufficiently, the best will be chosen and planted on other mounds, thus helping to preserve the beauty of the countryside.

SAVING OIL—AND SEABIRDS

Much less waste oil is now being jettisoned from ships in British coastal waters, and so there is less suffering among seabirds through the clogging of their wings.

The main reason for this welcome improvement lies in the price of oil, which now costs nine times more than it did before the war; engineers are more economical.

Some improvement in the position is also reported from America where posters placed in the engine-room and crew's mess of tankers have had some success. But the waste-oil nuisance is still widespread in European waters.

VICTORY STONE

One of the most interesting exhibits of the Living Traditions Exhibition, now open in the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, is a huge plaster cast of the famous Sueno Stone, at Forres, Morayshire.

This stone, 23 feet high, is believed to have been set up by the Picts to commemorate their victory over the Danes under Sueno in the tenth century; and to make the replica, Mr. John Mackenzie, the Edinburgh sculptor, had to take several hundredweights of modelling clay with him to Forres and erect scaffolding.

NELSON'S PLUME OF TRIUMPH

The jewelled Plume of Triumph treasured by Nelson, which has been in the news recently owing to its disappearance from the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, was presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey after the Battle of the Nile in 1798.

With the plume the Sultan sent a broad-sleeved sable fur, meant to be worn as a cloak, and requested that the admiral should ask for permission to wear them from King George III. The king enthusiastically agreed, and Nelson was often pictured with this Plume of Triumph (its proper name was Chelengk) in his hat. It became as well known as Monty's two badges in his beret.

After the Battle of the Nile so many gifts poured in upon Nelson from all sides that his friend Hollowell, who commanded the Swiftsure, fearing that Nelson might have his head turned from all this adulation, sent him a coffin made out of wood and iron salvaged from the wreck of the French flagship L'Orient, which had exploded.

Nelson greatly appreciated this gift, too, and often displayed it to his friends. It is in this that he lies in St. Paul's Cathedral.

20th-century pilgrim



Some 300 villagers of Battle, in Sussex, are taking part in a 13th-century fair next month. Here we see four-year-old Joyee Morrison, dressed as a pilgrim, and Barney the donkey.

YUKON'S NEW CAPITAL

Whitehorse has become the capital of the Yukon Territory, in place of the once fabulous gold town of Dawson City.

At the turn of the century Dawson was known throughout the world. The city swarmed with 30,000 prospectors camped around the Klondike and Yukon Rivers.

The famous gold rush began in 1896 and reached its production peak in 1900. Ten years later many of the deposits were exhausted, and the prospectors moved to Alaska and other regions.

Whitehorse in those days was just a tent town, but it developed rapidly, and in 1942 the 1500-mile Alcan Highway was built. Midway on the Alaska Highway, the city is now enjoying a boom period.

News From Everywhere

HEROIC FARMER

When a Welsh farmer, John Idris Evans of Treharris, was fatally injured by a bull not long ago, he crawled along the ground to shut the gate so that the bull could not get out to attack a mayoral procession, which he knew was due to pass. He died afterwards in hospital.

An old sword found by a Norfolk farm worker who for nearly three years had been using it for topping sugar beet, has turned out to be a Bronze Age sword.

PILLION PIGEON

A pigeon belonging to a lady at Hove, Sussex, sits on her shoulder while she rides pillion on her husband's motor cycle.

Festival Features

From June 28 to July 12 Kingsway Hall, London, is to serve as a "live" club-house where boys and girls of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs are to be hosts and hostesses to Festival visitors.

A train called The Festival, with engine and coach roofs prominently marked with the Festival symbol, is running between Londonderry and Belfast.

A pageant entitled The Women of Britain is to be produced at Swansea from June 28 to June 30, and another illustrating the Sunday School on July 7.

The Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary Music is to be opened on July 2 and will continue until July 14.

SEEING THINGS

Householders at Ashby-de-la-Zouch were startled recently when they saw green water coming out of their taps. The colour was believed to have been caused by a harmless form of plant life.

The State apartments at Windsor Castle, together with the exhibition of Old Master drawings, and the Queen's Dolls' House, have been re-opened to the public and will remain open on all days except Sundays until further notice.

PRINCE CHARLES'S HOBBY

Princess Elizabeth said recently that Prince Charles was "mad about cars." He has received a present from Birmingham of a case of nine model clockwork cars, including a racing car and a fire engine.

A volcano in the Cape Verde Islands—off the west coast of Africa—has erupted after remaining quiet since 1857. The eruption was preceded by earthquake shocks. The volcano is on the Ilha do Fogo (Island of Fire) where inhabitants left their homes and fled to the town of San Filipe.

RADIO-ACTIVITY

Britain exported a record number of 236 consignments of isotopes—radio-active chemicals—from the atomic energy research establishment at Harwell during May. This brings the year's consignments to 961, compared with 483 in the same period the year before.

At Philadelphia Zoo a duck has hatched out seven ducklings in an outdoor lions' cage. The lions did not harm her and quietly watched the little family swimming in the moat round their cage.

EGG FOR TEA

A racing pigeon flew into a Folkstone café, laid an egg in a saucer, and flew out.

A Long Service and Good Conduct Medal is to be awarded to policemen who have done 22 years pensionable or approved service. The medal has a figure of Justice on one side. The ribbon is dark blue with white stripes at the edges.

HAPPY NOTION

Housewives at Cudham, Kent, are sending supplies of wild flowers for distribution to old folk and invalids in East London.

An old windmill at Stansted, Essex, has been saved from demolition by the local inhabitants, who have contributed £340 towards its preservation.

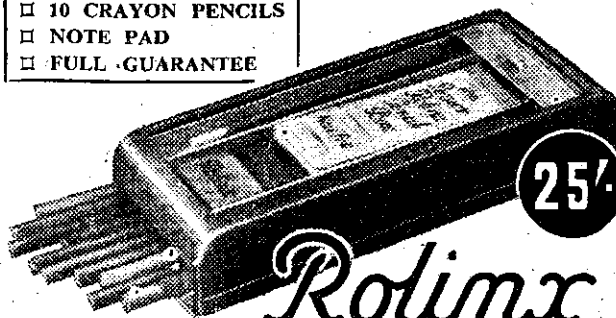
TOGETHER AGAIN

The headless black granite figure of a dog is to be presented by Egypt's Antiquities Department to the British Museum which, for some years, has owned the head.

An ideal present at any time

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

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- ☐ NOTE PAD
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The Children's Newspaper, June 30, 1951

ISOTOPES IN ACTION

A radio-active "mole" is in use at some of our oil storage ports, its purpose being to prevent delay of tankers.

After oil from the shore storage tanks is pumped through the feed pipe into a ship the pipe has to be cleaned to avoid contamination of the following load of oil, possibly of a different kind. It is here that the metal object known as the "mole" comes in.

Compressed air sends the "mole" through the pipe, but it often sticks at the bends, and if the tanker is not to be held up this must be quickly located. For this reason the "mole" is fitted with a piece of radio-active isotope, the rays from which are detected by a man testing the feed pipe with a Geiger counter.

UGLY DUCKLING IN THE PARK

An ugly duckling in real life was turned away by its own kind in St. James's Park, London, recently. It was one of a brood of 13 which had been abandoned by their mother on a bombed site. R.S.P.C.A. men took the little family to the lake in St. James's Park, hoping that some of the grown-up ducks there would adopt them.

The first 12 soon found foster-mothers and swam happily away with them. But nobody wanted poor Number 13. It really was pathetically ugly; its feathers stuck out untidily, and it could not swim properly. Every time it tried to follow one of the mother ducks it was pecked at and driven away.

The R.S.P.C.A. men were still its friends, however, and they took him back to their headquarters. Let us hope it grows into a handsome drake and returns in triumph to the lake.

WEIGHT-LIFTER

Europe's largest floating crane, which can grab and hoist 4½ tons at a time, was recently installed in Amsterdam.

Constructed by a firm in Haarlem, Holland, the crane rests on two pontoons, and is nearly 150 feet in height. The space between the pontoons is sufficient to accommodate three rows of barges. The crane is operated by electric power supplied by cable from the shore. It also has its own diesel plant for lighting and for manoeuvring should the shore supply fail.

WORK FOR AFRICA

The Royal African Society, which has done so much to arouse public interest in African affairs, celebrates its jubilee on June 27.

It was founded in 1901 in memory of a very remarkable woman, Mary Kingsley, the niece of Charles Kingsley, who in the last century made dangerous journeys in West Africa and collected much valuable information about the country. In the Boer War she went to South Africa to nurse Boer prisoners, and she died there in 1900.

The society has carried on her work of developing the interest of British subjects in African problems and conditions.



Strawberry time

Two willing helpers on a farm at Cheddar in Somerset march happily off to fill their baskets with some of the bumper crop of strawberries.

CHILDREN'S BOOK COMPETITIONS

The work of the winners in the Children's Book Competitions, run by the National Book League, is to be on show at 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, from July 1 to 11.

The competitions were for essays and illustrations dealing with popular books. Admission to the exhibition is free, but the organisers would be glad to know in advance of any school parties intending to visit it.

OIL AT LAST

A gratifying shower of oil and an even heavier strike of natural gas was reported by the Souris Valley Oil Company from its test well on the farm of Henry Downey, near Lyleton in Manitoba, about a mile from the U.S. border.

An "encouraging but not spectacular" oil showing was recorded by the Hon. J. S. McDiarmid, the Manitoba Minister of Mines and Resources. It marked the first time official confirmation had been accorded an oil find in the province.

Canterbury lookout



One of the most up-to-date schools in the country is the Simon Langton School for Girls at Canterbury, which cost £250,000. This picture shows the glass-walled staircase.

SWAN V. MODEL

For many years the graceful, dignified swans on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens have suffered from model boats bumping into them.

Now one of the swans has discovered that its tormentors can be dealt with. Waiting until a model comes within range, the swan seizes the mast or sail and capsizes it; then, with much hissing and flapping of wings, the bird pushes the boat under the water and sits on it, releasing it only to deal with another invader.

TORONTO'S TUBE

It is costing 104 dollars an inch to build the 4½-mile Toronto underground railway, which should be working by Christmas, 1953.

Canada's first underground system, and the fifth in North America, it will have a fleet of 90 red subway cars with a maximum speed of 45 miles per hour.

When the present job ends, workmen will commence work on an east-west artery. There are 25 years of subway building ahead in Toronto.

STONE AGE FARMING

Farming implements used by Persian farmers 8000 years ago have been found by American archaeologists who have been digging at a place called Ghar-i-Kamarband, in northern Iran.

The oldest farming implements so far found in that part of the world, they include a fine-edged sickle blade used for cutting grain, some millstones, saws, and chisels.

PUSH-BUTTON MAP

Geography is made easy at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, by a new push-button map which has been installed there.

By adjusting a pointer at the base of the map, any chosen Commonwealth country immediately lights up, showing its position in the world. Its form of government — Dominion, Protectorate, Colony, and so on — is also shown illuminated, as well as its products.

The Australian Wool Board has estimated that there are 762 million sheep in the world, four per cent more than last year.

THESE COWS ARE NIGERIA WILL GET EAR-MARKED ITS FLOUR

All Dutch cows are shortly to be registered and supplied with "identity cards." Just as ordinary folk can be identified by their finger-prints, so can cows be recognised by the markings on their hides—seldom are two found exactly alike.

The Dutch authorities are to make prints of the brown or black markings of each animal. These will be placed on record, and each cow will carry its numbered identification certificate in its ear. The scheme has been designed to combat tuberculosis, and each animal declared to be free of infection will be given a certificate corresponding with its numbered earmark.

POTATO PAPER

A new process has been developed in America for making paper from potatoes.

At first the refuse from potato starch manufacture was mixed with the wood pulp, and this was found to result in a better-grade paper. Now the whole potatoes are used raw. A hammer mill thoroughly pounds them, and a proportion of the mixture is then used with the ordinary wood pulp.

The paper produced in this way is much smoother than that produced by wood pulp alone, and if generally adopted the new process will enable American farmers to use up low-grade stocks of potatoes which otherwise would not find a market.

A Nigerian woman, unable to speak a word of English, has been in Britain teaching flour-milling experts how to make gari, the flour from the cassava root much favoured in Nigeria.

Before making gari by machine instead of by hand, the Nigerian Government wanted to be satisfied that the process would not spoil the flavour of the flour, and that was where Miss Rati Otasanwo came into the story, for she was flown to London with a drum of palm-oil, one hundredweight of cassava root, two big knives, a sieve, and two earthenware frying pots.

In a North London factory Miss Rati made her gari in the traditional way. The engineers, after watching her, tasted the result. Then she watched the engineers do the job mechanically, and, after a few suggestions, pronounced the result as good gari.

Nigeria will thus get its gari just as good but much cheaper.

NIAGARA IN MINIATURE

American Army engineers have built a concrete model of Niagara Falls with miniature cataracts, which can be controlled. This will enable them to study the effect of the water flow, so that they can make the best possible use of the famous falls.

By tagging a trout, experts in America found that it swam 400 miles in six months.

For your Summer Snaps

—THE NEW PAXINA

THE HANDY POCKET SIZE CAMERA




HERE is a camera that anyone would be proud to own. The Paxina is an attractively designed camera, which takes 12 pictures, size 2½" x 2½" (No. 20 film). The strong metal case is covered in leather cloth, and bright parts are finished in chromium. It is as small as a folding camera, and the lens is kept rigid by the all-metal extending boxfront. Loading the film is quite simple and may be carried out in daylight. The lens and shutter are of the finest quality.

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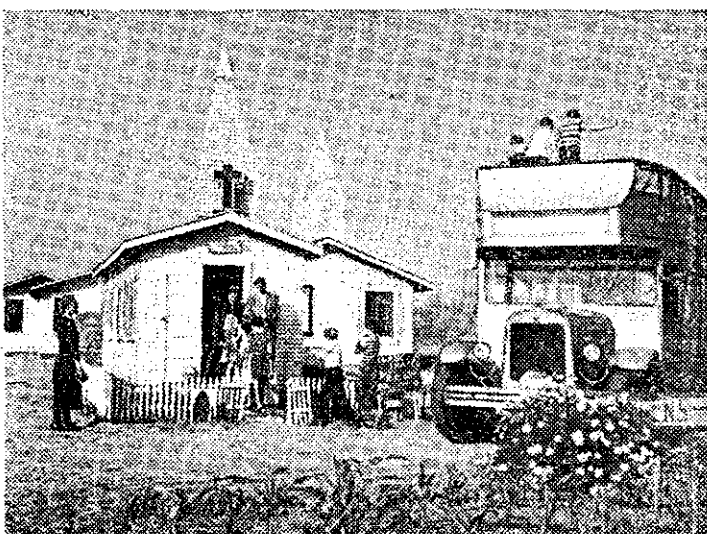
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CHILDREN'S OWN CHURCH

In the Californian village of El Monte is this wooden church, 9 feet by 28 feet, which was built for children by 21-year-old Pastor Libbey. Younger members of his family helped him to build it, and now help him to collect the congregation in this special bus and then to conduct the services.

T.V. MICROSCOPE AND BLACK MOTHS

The counting of such minute things as brain cells or bacteria, which have to be reckoned by the million, has been made easier by the invention of a microscope fitted with television apparatus.

This ingenious instrument, which will probably be able to measure and count a million specks in one second, has been devised and built by a British scientist, Mr. F. Roberts, at University College, London. Described in the annual report of the Nuffield Foundation, which provided the funds for the development of the instrument, it is called a Flying Spot microscope, and uses television equipment with an ordinary microscope reversed.

Television apparatus is focused through the microscope, and a tiny but brilliant light scans the slide. This light is picked up by

a photo-electric cell which turns the light into electric signals. These are amplified and thrown onto a television viewing-screen, three feet square.

Scientific work of a quite different kind, also assisted by the Nuffield Foundation, has been carried out by Dr. E. B. Ford, F.R.S. He observed the appearance, during the past few years, of black moths in industrial regions, and he has shown that these moths have evolved this colour to be less easily distinguished by their enemies on leaves, or other objects, blackened by smoke from factories.

This was the most considerable evolutionary change ever actually witnessed in any animals or plants in the world. Dr. Ford began his studies of butterflies when he was a boy.

TREASURES OF THE H.A.C.

An opportunity to see treasures belonging to the Honourable Artillery Company, best known of the London regiments, is now given at headquarters, Armoury House, City Road. The company is at "At Home" to visitors each Tuesday.

On the stairway can be seen figures of musketeers and pikemen

clothed in 17th century equipment, and in the Great Room above the stairs are the regimental colours. The Company, the oldest unit of the British volunteer forces, was originally formed of the archers of Henry VIII, to whom was granted a charter of incorporation in 1537. Milton and Sir Christopher Wren were once members.

WATER FOR ALL IN DESERT

Water can be infinitely more valuable than gold in the blistering heat of the Saudi Arabian desert and, in the past, the wandering Bedouins have philosophically resigned themselves to losing many of their beasts every summer through lack of it.

But now it is different. The engineers of the 1000-mile Trans-Arabian oil pipeline, completed at the end of last year, drilled 40 water wells on their route.

News of the miracle soon spread, and the astonished oilmen, as one of them said, "saw the horizon become black with converging tribes."

This summer these wells have been providing water free for some 100,000 herdsmen, 150,000 camels, and 300,000 sheep and goats. The tribesmen make their summer camps round the wells, and their annual loss of livestock has become a thing of the past.

If anyone mentions the oil industry to a Bedouin of Saudi Arabia he smiles and answers vigorously, "Ta'ib!" (good).

OVAL WHEELS

One of the latest Army vehicles now under test is fitted with oval wheels. The idea is that a pair of oval wheels can give twice as much traction or "grip" on slippery, muddy surfaces as round wheels.

On a typical six-wheeled light tank or gun-carrier, for example, the front, or steering, wheels are round. The two pairs of rear wheels are oval; they are coupled together so that when one wheel is on edge, the other behind it is flat. The upright oval wheel digs into the soft ground and gives the "push," while the other wheel prevents the rear of the vehicle from sinking in.

Scientists have compared the action of the oval-wheeled vehicle with that of walking. One wheel gives the support afforded by the sole of a foot and the other a "toehold" for forward propulsion.

SCORPION'S CLAWS MADE WAY FOR JULIUS CAESAR

By the CN Astronomer

Over two thousand years ago most of the southern sky in the late evening at this time of the year was occupied by a constellation of colossal dimensions but symbolising only a very small creature, a Scorpion.

This very interesting and most ancient constellation is at present almost due south as soon as the sky becomes dark, so now is the best time to observe it of an evening.

The chief stars of this ancient and original Scorpion are shown on our star-map—which is, however, on a very small scale, since it extends to a width covering 45 degrees of the heavens.

The great constellation is now reduced in width, having been deprived of a large area constituting the Claws of the Scorpion, the Chelae, some two thousand years ago. It was done to make room for Julius Caesar when he was raised to the symbolic dignity of a constellation of the Zodiac.

But Caesar is not there now. In his place is the singular pair of Scales which we know as Libra—a most un-zoological article for the company of animals, even though one was a Crab, another a Fish, and, the most interesting, a pair of Twins.

This supreme honour was not conferred upon Caesar to embellish or add to the zoological company, but in recognition of his many achievements for the benefit of Rome and her Empire. There was his reform of the calendar into that known as the Julian; his legal reforms; his extension of Roman Dominion by military triumphs which deprived many peoples, including Gauls and Britons, of their

liberty, property, and lives in order to glorify Rome and add to its wealth.

Such achievements induced the mass of Caesar's servile supporters to give him a place in the heavens comparable to that of Hercules, and as a god of Justice, according to Roman ideas.

So Caesar was represented as a figure holding up a pair of scales and a scroll, and thus he appears on the Roman star-map by Geruvigus.

But Caesar was not shown blindfolded, as we represent the symbolic figure of Justice nowadays, when Justice is supposed to be blind—and, alas, often is!

So that the people should never forget Julius Caesar the month of Quintilis—that is the fifth month from that of March in the Roman Calendar—was made to commemorate him by being named Julius. It has remained so ever since, and is familiar to us all as July.

It was otherwise with the constellation of Julius Caesar, for after the time of Geruvigus, whose planisphere-map appeared in the second century A.D., the Roman Empire began to decline. With the growth of Christianity, Caesar as a stellar god received less regard, and finally he dropped unloved from his celestial place of honour. But his Scales were retained.

LITTLE CLAWS

This singular Zodiac constellation is thus accounted for, and Scorpius remained bereft of its great Claws. It was, however, provided with a diminutive pair tucked away among its multitude of other stars.

From the latitude of Britain we see little more than half of the starry host still composing this grand constellation. This, with the rosy Antares, must be reserved for further consideration, so the map should be duly kept for reference.

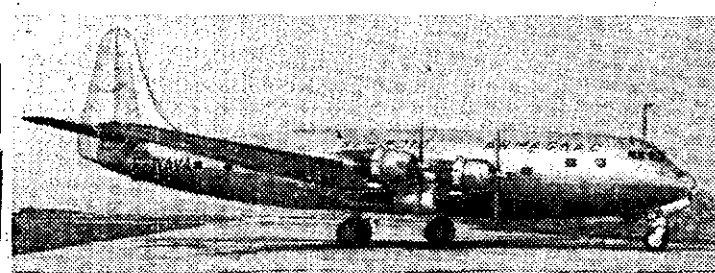
Though Libra reminds us of the time when Julius Caesar possessed them, the two chief stars of Libra, Alpha and Beta, have ancient Arabian names which preserve a record of the time when they represented the two Claws of the Scorpion. Alpha is known as Zuben el genubi, which means the Southern Claw, while Beta, as Zuben es chamali, indicates the Northern Claw.

Both stars are of third magnitude. Zuben el genubi can be seen through binoculars to be composed of two stars, though they are not connected physically, the brighter star being a sun at a distance of 60 light-years and radiating about 20 times more light than our own Sun.

Zuben es chamali radiates nearly a thousand times more, but from a distance of 360 light-years journey.

G. F. M.

NEW PLANES FOR THE WORLD'S AIRWAYS



18. SE-2010 Armagnac

One of the latest aircraft to qualify for the ranks of the world's "air giants" is the Sud Est Armagnac. Eight have been ordered by Air France for their main Colonial trunk routes, and possibly the Paris-New York flight.

With a span nearly 20 feet greater than that of the Strato-cruiser, this huge French airliner will be the largest anywhere in regular operation.

Features are its big fuselage, circular in section to ease the problems of pressurisation for high-altitude flight, and the twin main wheels of the undercarriage,

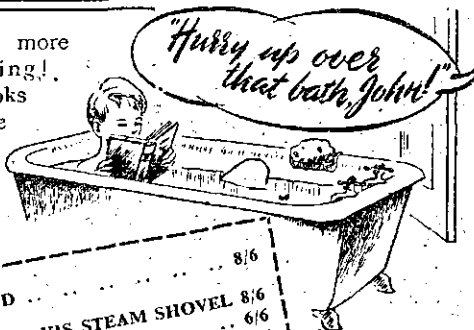
designed to spread the weight of the machine.

On short European services the Armagnac will seat 107 passengers, while over long distances 57 will be carried in adjustable chairs—"couchettes" to the French.

The fuselage has two saloons, separated amidships by a refreshment-bar. With four 3500 h.p. Pratt & Whitney radial engines, the aircraft cruises at 276 m.p.h. at 19,680 feet. On landing the pilot can reverse the pitch of the airscrews to decrease his run.

Span of the Armagnac is 160 feet 7 inches, and its length is 130 feet.

"Reading is much more sport than washing! These wizard books from Hatchards are enough to make any chap forget to go behind the ears! This month I've read..."



- ★ Vega Stewart
- ★ FOURWINDS ISLAND ... 8/6
- ★ Virginia Lee Burton
- ★ MIKE MULLIGAN AND HIS STEAM SHOVEL ... 6/6
- ★ BOYS' BOOK OF HEROES ... 6/6
- ★ GUIDE GIFT BOOK

Ask for the young people's book department at

Hatchards

Booksellers to Their Majesties The Queen and Queen Mary
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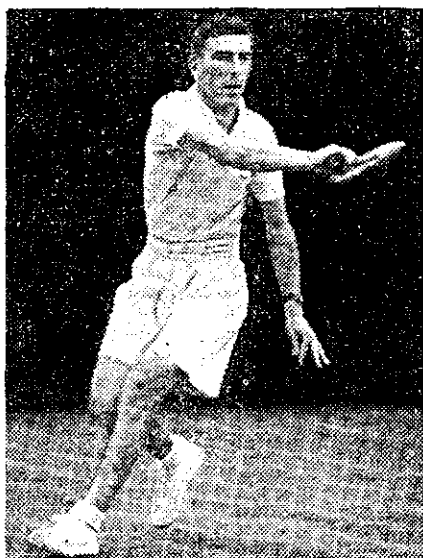
The Children's Newspaper, June 30, 1951

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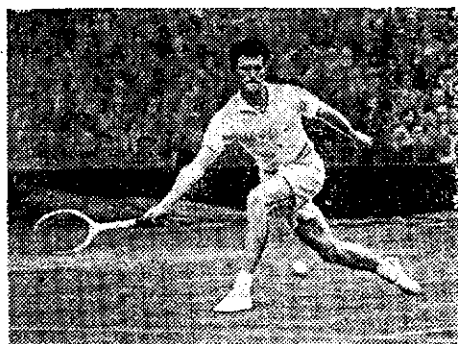
From Five Continents

From all the quarters of the globe the world's best lawn tennis players have come to Britain in its Festival Year to battle for the game's most coveted titles—Wimbledon Champions. This year representatives of more than 30 nations are

there, and thousands of visitors from abroad are among the huge crowds of spectators thronging the stands every day. On this page we introduce some of the players of the nations united in friendly rivalry at Wimbledon.



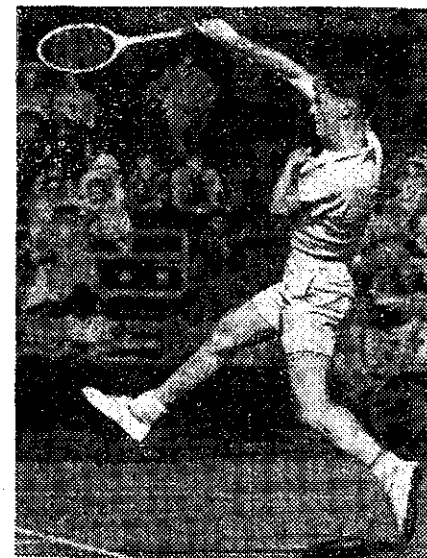
BRITAIN—Paddy Roberts, leading player of our younger school.



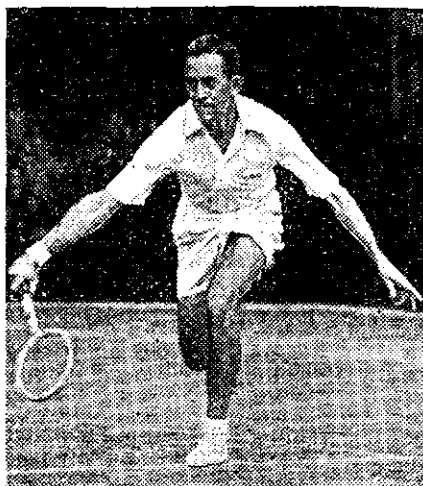
AMERICA—Budge Patty, holder of the men's singles title.



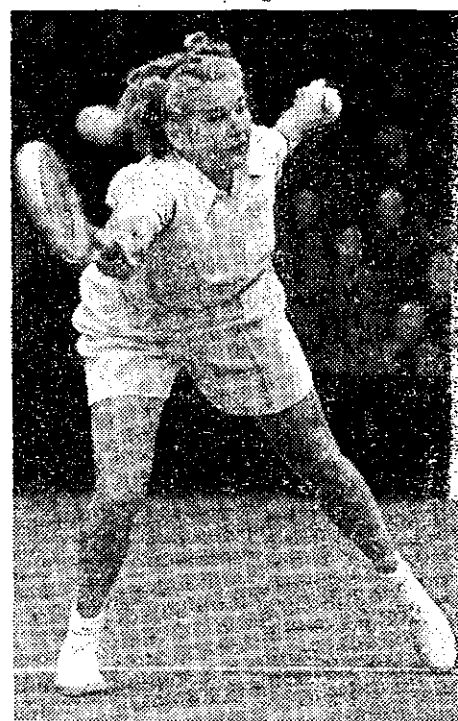
FRANCE—Bernard Destremau, French Davis Cup player.



AUSTRALIA—23-year-old Frank Sedgman, last year's finalist.



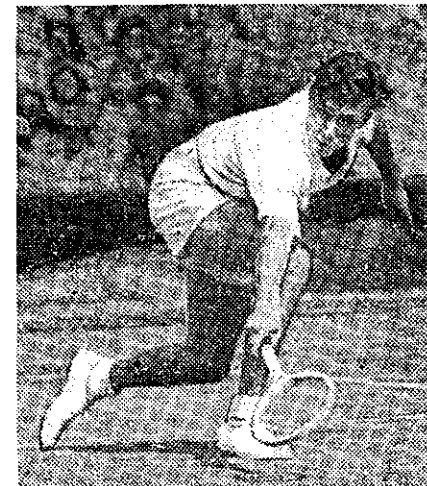
SOUTH AFRICA—Eric Sturgess, one of the seeded players.



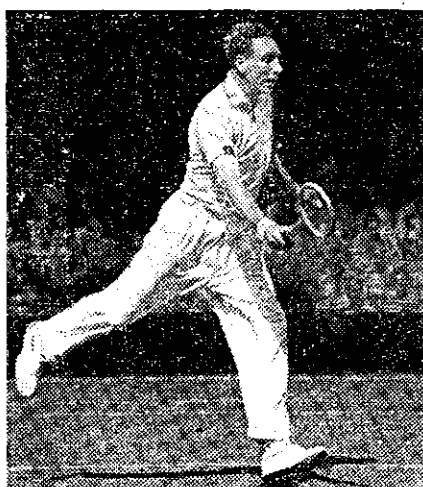
AMERICA—Louise Brough, ladies' champion for three years.



EGYPT—Jaroslav Drobny, winner of this year's French championship.



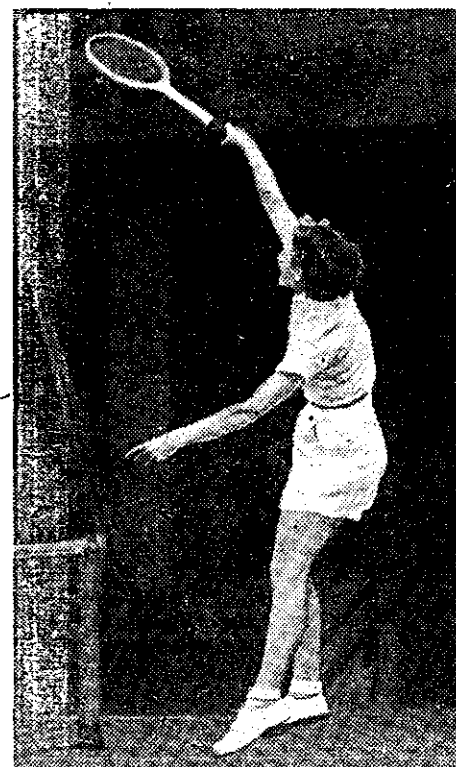
BELGIUM—P. Washer, leading singles player of his own country.



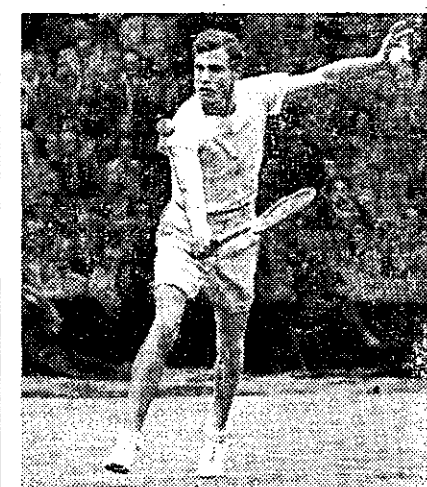
HOLLAND—A. C. Van Swol, ranked number one in his own country.



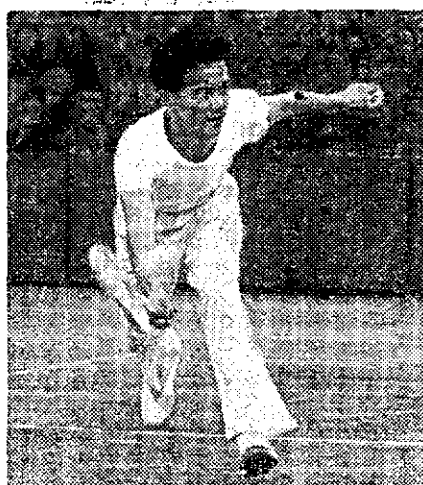
AMERICA—Althea Gibson, the first Negress to play at Wimbledon.



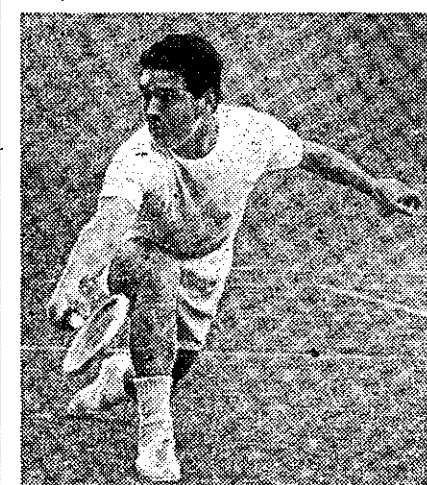
BRITAIN—Jean Walker-Smith, our leading girl player.



SWEDEN—Lennart Bergelin, one of Europe's leading players.



PHILIPPINES—Diminutive Felicisimo Ampon.



ITALY—Giovanni Cucelli, winner of many championships.

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars · London · E.C.4

JUNE 30 1951

TEAMWORK

THE new Chancellor of Cambridge University, Lord Tedder, is both man of action and man of letters. As a great air leader he of course knows the worth of the team as well as the individual. As co-ordinator of the air power of the western nations he also knows the vital importance of harmony among different peoples united in a common cause.

"No team could be effective," said Lord Tedder at his installation in Cambridge, "unless its individual members were prepared to sacrifice some things which from a purely selfish point of view they would like to retain. By far the most vital factor in assuring unity of the democratic world is perfect team work."

In Lord Tedder's view there is still too much deep-seated ignorance of each other among the members of the world team of nations. Ignorance, he believes, is at the root of nearly all misunderstandings, which eventually lead to wrong decisions and to divisions between the team.

A good team works and plays well together because there is mutual confidence and respect. What can be done on a small scale in school, office, and playing-field can be done quite as effectively on a world scale.

The Editor's Table

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

WHEN an attempt is made to rebuild the surroundings of a great detective, we may be quite sure that amateur sleuths will seize the opportunity to show their powers of detection.

This has happened at the Baker Street exhibition, where Sherlock Holmes's disciples have spotted slips that even Dr. Watson would not have missed. They have pointed out that buttered toast is shown on the tea plates, whereas Holmes always preferred muffins. This has now been rectified, and it is to be hoped that the member of the exhibition staff who has the job of biting pieces out of fresh muffins every day is not allergic to them.

The zealous amateurs also noticed that the tune played on a barrel-organ—supposed to come from the street—was Yes, We Have No Bananas, from which Holmes was mercifully spared. An older tune has been substituted.

England's village treasures

IN nearly every English village there is a church which has been cared for and enriched through the centuries. As parish churches they are, of course, the responsibility of the Church of England; but the resources of the Church are not as great as they were, and the cost of upkeep is beyond the means of most small parishes.

To preserve these precious fragments of England's heritage is surely the responsibility of Englishmen. It would be a tragedy to see these houses of prayer decay and fall into complete ruin. A million of the nation's money to save the churches is a small sum compared with the millions spent in strengthening our arms.

FALSE ALARMER

AS a step towards quieter houses, a study of sound insulation is being made at the Building Research Station in Hertfordshire. Part of the equipment for studying the deadening of ordinary noises is a "footsteps machine."

This is an excellent thing for its purpose, says a young friend of ours, but he fervently hopes that it will not be introduced into his school. He has in mind the dozens of false alarms that would be caused if a master hid the machine outside the classroom door and worked it by remote control!

He is in favour of everything in its right place, and especially "footsteps machines."

PALEFACE INDIAN



The central figure in Boy Scout, the musical pageant at the Albert Hall, was 14-year-old Alan Nunn, here seen wearing an Indian headdress. All the 1000 players and choir of 280 were Scouts from London and the Home Counties.

Schoolboys as actors

THE opinion that schoolboys sometimes make better actors than grown-ups has been advanced by Mr. Guy Boas of the Sloane School, Chelsea.

In a letter to The Times Mr. Boas highly praised the Harrow schoolboys' recent production of Hamlet, and said that in the case of elemental poetic drama like this schoolboys can, if skillfully cast and properly coached, produce a more appropriate effect than is achieved by adult acting.

The reason for this, he says, is that the boys "do not interpolate themselves between the voice of the poet and the audience. The audience really hears Shakespeare speaking as one hears Handel through the voice of a choirboy."

The schoolboy does not attempt, as professional actors often do, to give his own personal version of the character, but plays it objectively.

Good school productions on these lines should win a wide appreciation from those who like pure Shakespeare.

STAUNCH ALLY

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stand firmest in his shoes.
Emerson

SHAPER OF THE WILLOW

A GRAND old craftsman who made cricket bats for W. G. Grace has passed on. He was Mr. Montagu Odd of Sutton, Surrey, who was still making cricket bats a few days before he died, at the age of 82.

There can be few English boys who have not felt a thrill when first holding a full-size cricket bat in their hands. Surely we should all sometimes pay tribute to the willow-shapers, those craftsmen whose devoted skill produces the thing of beauty beloved by Britons the world over.

Mr. Odd's bats were sold in every country where cricket is popular—and those he made for the great W. G. cost a guinea apiece! Now his long innings has ended, and we salute the memory of a fine craftsman.

Farewell to an Empire statesman

THE British Commonwealth has lost an eminent statesman through the death of Mr. J. B. Chifley, who was Prime Minister of Australia from 1945 to 1949. His life was a long record of service to Australia and the Empire.

Fifty years ago Joseph Chifley, the son of a blacksmith, was working in a general store, running errands, doing odd jobs. Next he became a shop-boy on the railways, then cleaner, fireman, and engine-driver.

It was as a member of the railwaymen's trade union that he showed his ability for organising and negotiation, but he did not enter Parliament until 1928.

There could be no better tribute to him than the one paid by Mr. Menzies: "He was my friend and yours. He was a fine Australian. He served his country magnificently."

TROUBLES

Never bear more than one trouble at a time; some people bear three kinds—all they have ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

Lord Avebury

THINGS SAID

DURING my tour of the Far East I was in a plane called Sinners' Nightmare. It was full of parsons, and the pilot was named Flight-Lieutenant Lord
The Bishop of Lincoln

THE progress of medical science in the last half-century has added nearly 20 years to man's life span.

Dr. John Cline, American Medical Association

NEARLY as many Americans have been killed in road crashes as in all the wars in American history.

President Truman

THE speed of modern life in London tends to crowd out the little social graces. We have no time to be courteous.

The Vicar of St. Augustine's, Fulham

THE British Navy is no longer the largest in the world, but the men who man the ships are every bit as good as in the days of Nelson.

Sir Robert L. Burnett

IN THE COUNTRY

DURING the golden afternoons of June the warm air above the spangled grasses is thronged with gay butterflies. Aptly indeed have they been called "sun-children."

In June we note with pleasure the many kinds of butterflies shimmering like living gems over fields and cottage gardens. Beautifully patterned are the tortoiseshells and red admirals, with the peacock loveliest of all, with its jewelled silken wings and its velvet dress of "summer pride."

We must not judge all these lovely butterflies—and the blues, the coppers, meadow browns, gatekeepers and others—by the common whites, most numerous of all, whose caterpillars do so much damage in gardens among the cabbages and greens.

Most of our lovelier species are harmless, for their caterpillars feed chiefly on weeds and plants like ragwort, groundsel, thistles, and nettles. It is a mistake to condemn all these winged beauties because of the havoc wrought by the whites.

JUST AN IDEA

As Marie Tempest once said: To go through life with a smile is sanity.

Under the Editor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If handsome policemen
arrest attention

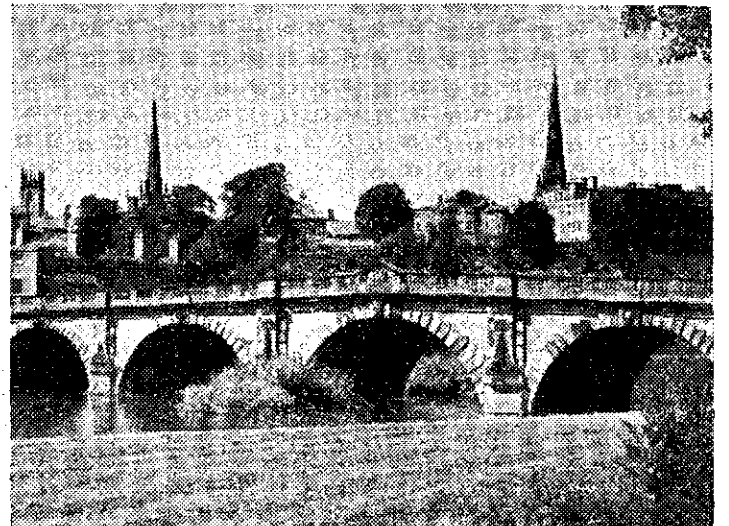
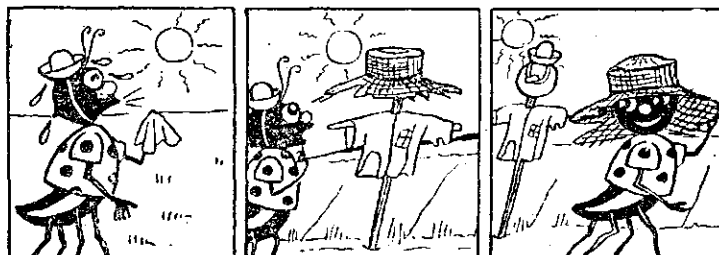


A writer thinks dark girls are inclined to look sad. Not fair?

The prices of carpets are to be increased. But they will be put down.

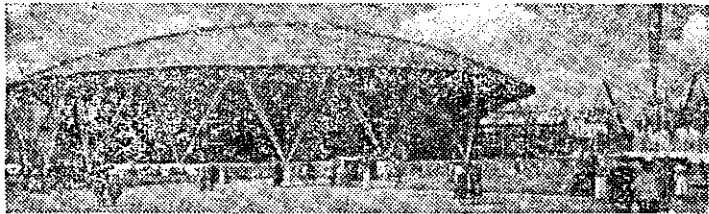
A writer says he started life as a miner. Most people start as minors.

BILLY BEETLE



OUR HOMELAND

The English Bridge at Shrewsbury, Shropshire



Young Quiz at the Dome of Discovery

FOR such an ardent pursuer of knowledge as Young Quiz of the CN, the Dome of Discovery at London's South Bank Exhibition is an ideal hunting-ground; so we went along and the enterprising lad took with him a well-informed uncle.

Afterwards, the somewhat exhausted uncle told us that Quiz had started firing-off questions like a multiple machine-gun immediately they had entered the Dome, and that he had had to make a stand.

"It's no use going round this vast place expecting to be told everything about every exhibit in this huge display," he had said. "Choose a few, and we'll see if we know anything about them."

YOUNG QUIZ: Look at this! A big flat relief model showing a lake at one end, a river leading away from it, and crops growing farther down. What's it supposed to be?

UNCLE: This is something you've read about in the CN. It illustrates the benefits of hydro-electric undertakings. That lake, coloured blue on the relief model, has been artificially formed by building a dam right across the valley, and the water from it flows down to irrigate the land, so that crops may be grown on what used to be a semi-desert.

YOUNG QUIZ: But what are all those wires for?

UNCLE: They represent the cables carrying the electric power generated in that power station at the bottom of the dam wall. The water rushing through that station turns turbines which make electricity. The electric power is carried along those cables to work machines in factories and to provide light in people's homes.

If you want to know what the turbines look like, over here is a model of what is called a Feathering Propeller Hydro-Electric Set. It is one-tenth the size of the real thing, the Turbine Runner, which has a speed of 150 revolutions a minute, and uses 101 tons of water a second.

YOUNG QUIZ (in another part of the Dome): Hallo, what's this great steel tube with a gadget on the end that looks like a lot of cog wheels?

UNCLE: This is something else you could have read about in the CN. It is a Core Barrel, and it is part of the equipment used for drilling holes a long way into the earth and bringing up samples of the kind of rock down there. It is used to search for minerals, such as coal and oil. It can bore down to depths of 10,000 feet.

YOUNG QUIZ: How does it work?

UNCLE: Well, the steel tube, called a barrel, is hollow and contains another hollow barrel. The whole thing is drilled down into the earth by pipes fitted together,

which rotate the outer barrel so that the gadget on the end of it—which you say looks like cog wheels, but is called a rock bit—drills downwards. Now the inner barrel does not rotate, and a core of rock is forced into it. This is then drawn up to the surface and studied by geologists.

You can see what the core looks like by the example shown in this big glass tube. The pipes and the barrel are worked by an enormous rig in a tripod tower over the hole.

YOUNG QUIZ: Are these things on the floor examples of other kinds of bits used on the end of the barrel?

UNCLE: You've got it. Here is one, studded with industrial diamonds, which is used for drilling through hard rock which the other kind of bit could not penetrate. A diamond bit like this one costs about £1000, but it can drill 60 to 80 feet through rock in which the cog-wheel type of bit would last only for about three feet.

YOUNG QUIZ (Moving on to a model of London's Tower Bridge in a glass case): It says here that if all the glaciers and ice sheets in the world melted, the sea would rise 50 to 150 feet. Press the button, it says, and see what would happen in London if the sea rose 100 feet. Goodness! The water is rising over the roadway of the bridge. How much of London would be covered if that really happened?

UNCLE: If the Thames rose by 100 feet the streets of the City of London would all be under water. St. Paul's Cathedral itself would have plenty of water in it, for the forecourt outside, on which stands Queen Anne's statue, is only 54 feet above sea level.

All the low-lying parts of London, especially south of the river, would be under water. In fact, from Hampstead Heath, London would look like a huge lake, with tall buildings like the dome of St. Paul's sticking out of it.

YOUNG QUIZ: Now for the moving staircase. Mind how you step off, Uncle, don't fall into Outer Space, for we're near it now. What's in this dark cubby-hole? I say, here's a smashing outfit! Look, it's a working model of the Solar System. There's the Sun in the middle and all the planets are going round it. They're turning, too, like the Earth does on its axis,

and the little objects buzzing round them must be their satellites. How does it work?

UNCLE: What, the Solar System?

YOUNG QUIZ: No, no. This model, of course. How do they make these luminous globes move in this dark place?

UNCLE (taking a deep breath): This is what is called an orrery, after the Earl of Orrery, for whom the first one was made by George Graham in 1715. This one is on a far bigger scale. The globes, representing the planets, are covered with fluorescent paint and ultra-violet light is thrown on them from above, so that they are luminous yet cast no light round them into the darkness of the background.

Each globe is carried on a revolving beam radiating from a central column—you can just see the beams if you look closely—and they are travelling round at different speeds. The globes are made to turn on their own axes as they travel round, and their satellites are suspended round them on invisible chains.

The whole affair is worked by electricity, and the speed of the globes is a million times faster than the actual speed in space of the planets they represent. So in half a minute we see the movements made by the planets in an Earth-time year.

YOUNG QUIZ (leaving the orrery): Why don't you get a job in the Dome of Discovery, Uncle?

UNCLE: Because lads like you would come and ask me too many questions. So far you haven't caught me out, I hope, but there are scores of other interesting things for us to see in this great Dome. For example, there's the giant telescope, the Polar exploration displays (with the husky dogs), the jet engine, the universal clock, model aircraft, and the model of the bed of the ocean.

These are only a few of all that's here, and I don't suppose there's one man on Earth who could tell you *all* about all of them.

CYCLE SERVICE

13. Tools and Pump

A cyclist's minimum tool-kit should comprise a right-size set of spanners to fit head-nuts, expander bolt, saddle clip, brakes, and pedals (a box spanner, BSA spanner, and a really efficient adjustable spanner will meet your requirements in this respect); a set of cone spanners; three or four tyre levers; and a screwdriver.

A pair of pliers are useful, but avoid substituting a pair of pliers for a spanner.

Add a tyre repair outfit, complete with a supply of patches, to your tool-kit, wrap tightly in a cloth, surround with a piece of oil-skin (a part of an old cape will do) and you are ready for the road!

Save your pocket-money for the best pump possible. See that you have the right connector for your valves. Lubricate the leather washer with castor oil.

Make sure that the pump fits firmly between the pump pegs. A loose pump dropping off into the back wheel spells danger. V. S.

PRIMITIVE ART FROM THE COLONIES

The Empire Courts at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, have been enriched for this summer by an exhibition of Traditional Art from the Colonies.

It is one of the most impressive collections of primitive art ever brought together. Built up from public and private collections, it includes many works not seen in England before.

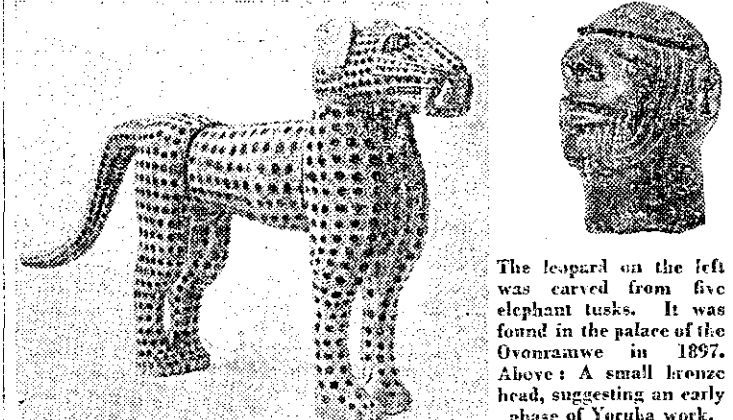
This Traditional Art, sometimes called primitive, is, in fact, often reminiscent of the crafts of ancient Rome, Egypt, and Greece. Works from Africa predominate and among these are eight bronzes loaned by the Oni of Ife. They show a mastery in portraiture still rich in lessons for today, and, together with terra-cotta heads in the same style, date back to 1000 B.C.

Other exhibits are wooden

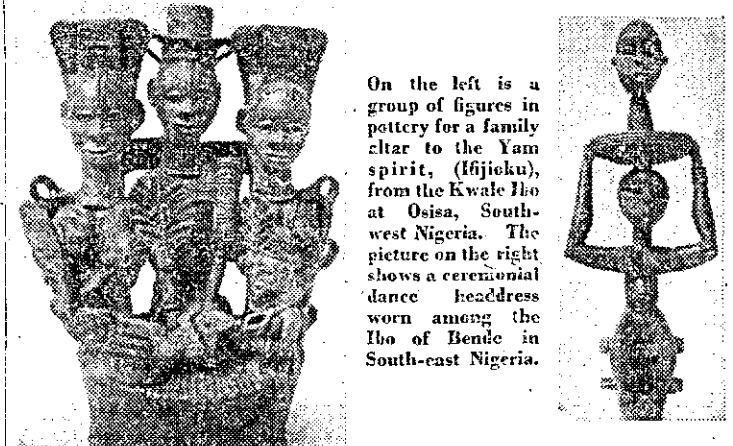
masks used in ritual plays by the Ibo tribe, and a superb leopard fashioned in ivory (loaned by the King) which was presented to Queen Victoria after the expedition to Benin in 1897.

There are also sculptures from Borneo, Fiji, Tonga, the Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides. The totem carvings from the New Hebrides, which include one fashioned out of the roots of a massive fern, are reminiscent of the style and character of the Easter Island statues.

This exhibition and the nearby exhibition of Colonial Progress, where one may browse among real things, not just dull exhibits in jars, provide a magnificent centre for the study of the absorbing story of the growth and development of the British Commonwealth, its territories, and its peoples.



The leopard on the left was carved from five elephant tusks. It was found in the palace of the Ovonramwe in 1897. Above: A small bronze head, suggesting an early phase of Yoruba work.



On the left is a group of figures in pottery for a family altar to the Yam spirit, (Ifijoku), from the Kwale Ibo at Osisa, South-west Nigeria. The picture on the right shows a ceremonial dance headdress worn among the Ibo of Benue in South-east Nigeria.

NEW SHIP SAILS SOUTH

A new ship has slipped without ceremony out of the Royal Docks in London on her maiden voyage. The Port Adelaide was off for her first cargo of refrigerated meat, butter, cheese, and eggs from New Zealand and Australia.

Built at Hebburn, she is one of the vital refrigerated ships which keep us supplied with fresh food all the year round, and the first of three sister ships which the Port Line will put into service this year. The others, the Port Nelson and Port Townsville, built in Belfast and on the Tyne, should be in service by the end of the year. Each ship carries over 10,000 tons of cargo, mostly food.

The Port Adelaide brought the fleet of the Port Line, one of the

most important companies trading to Australasia, back to 27 ships, compared with their pre-war fleet of 30. The new ships, however, are much larger, faster, and more up to date in every respect.

All the vessels are named after towns and cities in New Zealand and Australia. The Port Adelaide bears the illuminated arms of the South Australian port, and will probably receive some gift linking her with that city when she pays it her first visit.

The ships of the Port Line, a subsidiary of the Cunard Line, all carry the same scarlet, black-banded funnel as the Queens, but have the red and blue crossed white houseflag of the Tyser Line, the company's oldest component

BEAUTY OF OLD CHELSEA

Rare and beautiful examples of old Chelsea China are on view at an exhibition in this famous London borough. It was there that one of the first factories in Britain for producing porcelain in dainty shapes was established about 1745.

The English entered this field of craftsmanship rather late. The Chinese, of course, were the world's greatest potters, and in the 15th century their beautiful white and translucent pottery began to find its way to Europe, where it inspired Italian, French, Dutch, and German potters to fashion lovely things in porcelain.

The works at Chelsea did not last long, being transferred between 1769 and 1784 to Derby. Examples of the original Chelsea porcelain and pottery became rare, and most of those at the present Exhibition have never before been displayed in public.

The Exhibition, open until July 21, is in the Adams Rooms in the East Wing of the Royal Hospital.

SORTING THEM OUT

The General Post Office at Cape Town finds it necessary to run a special department to decipher cryptic addresses mostly written by South African natives.

The worst culprits are Bantus, who have a habit of running the entire address into one sprawling word. For instance, one letter reaching Cape Town not so long ago read *Zisrezaabrozstrorlaanda*, but was intended for Mr. Simon Zabe, Rose Street, Orlando.

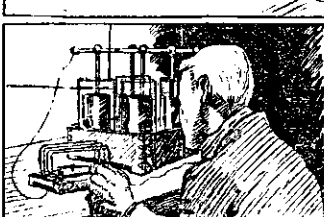
Another habit the natives have is to sandwich the place-name between their own language clichés. Thus they will write "AMAAMALANGAMA." Take away the "Ama's" at the beginning and end, and Langa, the name of a native township near Cape Town, is left.

In 1745, when Alessandro Volta was born, the only known way of producing electricity was by friction. For instance, by rubbing a sheet of glass sufficient static electricity could be made to attract small pieces of paper.



Pioneers 54. Alessandro Volta, who gave us the battery

This idea was developed and a machine constructed with which it was possible to make and store current. This was the limited source of electricity available to students such as Volta until 1800.



Volta obtained electricity by chemical action, using alternate discs of copper and tin separated by moistened material in a linked series of cells.

This battery of cells introduced a new era, and Volta achieved immortality by having the unit of electrical force named after him. Today there are few homes without a battery of some sort in use.



HAIR OF A DOG IN THE TALE OF A TREATY

The new treaty with Japan, which, as stated in the CN last week, is under consideration by the Allied Powers, recalls the first treaty which Japan signed with a Western nation. This was on May 31, 1854, and was a commercial treaty with the United States.

The Americans had established a whaling industry in the seas of China and Japan and, owing to the growth of steam navigation, wished to set up a coal depot on the Japanese mainland and access to the ports of Shimoda and Hakodate.

Japan had lived for generations in jealous seclusion, refusing all intercourse with the nations of the West, and displaying in her streets warnings of the terrible punishments that would attend the adoption of Christianity by any Japanese.

In the middle of last century an American ship picked up at sea some Japanese waifs and landed them safely at San Francisco. This friendly gesture was accordingly used as a reason for the despatch of a letter from President Fillmore to the Japanese Emperor proposing the opening of commercial relations.

Commodore Matthew C. Perry

delivered this letter, enclosed in a golden box, and sailed away declaring that he would return later for the reply.

Perry also left there a strange, gifted American, Townsend Harris, who remained in the country, unwanted, and often in danger. For over a year he lived in conditions that made him loathe the Japanese, who treated him abominably, filling his house with spies, dogging him everywhere, refusing to enter his house officially or to admit him to their own, and doing their utmost to starve him and his Dutch interpreter to death by making it almost impossible for them to obtain food.

SCHOOL OF THE AIR

A School of the Air has been opened for the benefit of lonely children in the Northern Territory of Australia.

With its base at Alice Springs, this new school enables children, some of whom live hundreds of miles away, to ask the teacher questions and to receive an immediate reply. Pupil and teacher use a pedal wireless transceiver, of which 125 are at present linked with the school's base.

Nevertheless, it was Harris who eventually created the atmosphere favourable to the Treaty that was at last signed. Harris won over the Japanese by one of the simplest schemes ever known in international diplomacy. Noting the fondness of the Japanese for their dogs, he took occasion to tell a prince of the royal house that if a dog had a single white hair on its body, the tip of its tail would be white as well.

For some time after this Harris saw Japanese nobles and their retainers going about closely scrutinising all the dogs they encountered, and devoting particular attention to the tail-tip whenever such dog showed white hair on any part of its body. The result, he said, justified his assertion, and in consequence he became regarded as a man of universal wisdom and knowledge.

When at last the persuasion of this wise man, emphasised by the more vigorous negotiations of Commodore Perry, plus also the trend of events just then in the Far East generally, induced the Japanese to sign the treaty, they assured Harris that when they entered into an agreement they meant it to last a thousand years. It was otherwise, alas!

CRADLE OF THE GOLDFISH

Grassfork Fisheries, Virginia, the biggest goldfish hatchery in the world, last year sent out no less than 50 million fish.

Originally a worthless swamp, the fisheries have since 1899 produced 500 million goldfish—all because the founder became heir to the swampland and determined to turn it into a fish farm after learning that a soap firm offering goldfish as prizes had run short of supplies.

Today the founder, Mr. C. S. Shireman, is head of a concern owning 1500 acres, of which 450 are under water, with branches in New Jersey, Toronto, and Atlanta.

The life of a goldfish begins at the hatchery in the summer, three days after its mother has laid thousands of eggs in nest-boxes placed along the edges of the breeding ponds. For ten days its diet is powdered egg yolk; then the pond is almost drained, and the goldfish are transferred to fresh ponds. For two months their diet is a cheap grade of wheat flour. Later the fish are fed on maize flour.

When fully grown goldfish will live contentedly in a home aquarium—until someone overfeeds them or makes a violent change in the temperature of the water!

HOBBIES AT SEA

A Hobbies Room, where all on board can work in their spells off duty, is an attractive feature of the new Danish tanker *Nerma Dan*.

It is divided into sections, with a dark room for photography, a bookbinding workshop, and facilities for carpentry and metal work.

Tools are provided, together with a library of books covering numerous hobbies which the officers and ratings may like to develop.

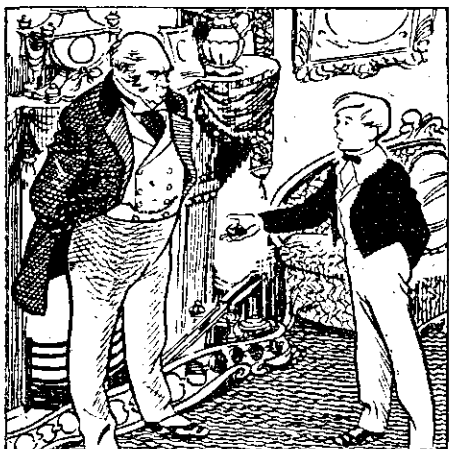
The *Nerma Dan* is also fitted for film shows.

VICE VERSA—F. ANSTEY'S AMUSING SCHOOL STORY TOLD IN PICTURES (1)

F. Anstey's famous story, *Vice Versa*, published by John Murray, is an established favourite. It tells of Mr. Paul Bultitude, a prosperous merchant of the City of London, a

widower, and a self-satisfied person who disliked children. On a January day in 1881 he was impatiently saying good-bye to his son Dick, who was returning to Dr. Grimstone's boarding

school. Mr. Bultitude was eager to see the last of him, for he hated having a noisy boisterous lad about the house. Dick, however, was downcast at the prospect of going back to school.



Dick asked if he might keep a small stone, with strange markings, which he had found in the drawing-room. It was called a Garuda stone and had been brought from India for his mother by her ne'er-do-well brother. Mr. Bultitude scorned Dick's notion that it might be a magic stone, but he took it away from him. "It's worth keeping," he said, "as the only thing your Uncle was ever known to give anybody."



Next, Dick plucked up courage to ask if he could leave Grimstone's at the end of this term as he was unhappy there. His father was scandalised. "Ridiculous nonsense!" he exclaimed. When Dick began to cry, he started giving him a pompous lecture about how boys who fancied they were ill-used and miserable at school grew up to look back at the hours passed there as the happiest time of their life.



Still holding the stone in his hand Mr. Bultitude went on: "Perhaps you will believe me when I tell you, old as I am... I only wish, at this very moment, I could be a boy again, like you." Then an astonishing thing happened. Mr. Bultitude felt himself shrinking, and he turned into a schoolboy—the exact image of his son! "It must be the stone that did it!" cried Dick. "It's a real talisman after all! How jolly!"



Mr. Bultitude was completely bewildered. He had a boy's body but in his mind he was still himself, the important City man. Fantastic as it seemed, he had to believe that this stone held some hidden power. He wished hard to be back in his own body again, but nothing happened. "Perhaps it only gives you one wish," said Dick. "Take it!" urged Mr. Bultitude. "And wish your poor old father himself again."

Will Dick use his one wish to return his father to his usual form? See next week's instalment

Sailing with The Gang

BY PETER DAWLISH

2. Launching the Migrant

The Gang had been saving up to buy a boat. Mr. Jory, a friend of theirs, sent them to the farm of Mr. Ladner, who sold them the Migrant, a beautiful, 12-foot sailing dinghy, which he no longer used.

MOST of the Valley people had come to see the Migrant launched for the first time since The Gang had bought her. These people, parents and envious children, stood on the edge of the old quay and looked down on the lovely little craft as she stood on the slipway, her outside a gleaming rich blue and her inner side painted white.

Mr. Ladner, the kindly old farmer who had sold the Migrant to The Gang knowing they were the sort of people who deserved a fine craft, had come to watch this important moment. He stood beside stout old Mr. Jory just over the boat. Jack Petersen, chief of The Gang and now captain of the dinghy, looked up at the two men.

"Couldn't we sail her, Mr. Jory?" he said pleadingly. "The wind is just right."

"Maybe so," Mr. Jory retorted. "But it's best ye get the feel of her with the oars first. So bring the mast and sails up here and have an hour or so rowing round the Cove before you get bold."

He turned to wink slyly at Mr. Ladner, and the farmer laughed softly. Jack sighed and ordered his crew of four to carry the varnished mast and the sail to the top of the slipway.

"I think Mr. Jory is being too bossy," Sal Parker, the only girl member of The Gang, complained in a voice she was careful to keep low. "It would be lovely to have the sail up."

"All these people will think we can't sail," her brother Joe agreed. The two others of The Gang, Dick Youle and the red-headed Dan Stevens, wisely kept silent and shouldered the mast to carry it up the slipway.

"EVERYTHING shipshape?" Mr. Jory demanded. "Have ye all tended to your duties?"

At once every member of The Gang looked anxiously at the Migrant. Each one of them had a special task. Dick and Dan were in charge of the shapely hull; Jack was captain and would steer and handle the main sheet when sailing; Sal had to see that all the small gear was in its proper place; and Joe was later to be in charge of the jib and its gear.

"Ye know where to sit when she's under oars?" Mr. Jory went on in his best naval manner. "You, Joe?"

"I go forward and take in the painter and push her head off with the boathook," the boy answered. "Sal?"

"I sit aft with Jack," the girl said somewhat sulkily, still angry because Mr. Jory would not let them show off the sail and the neat

little masthead pennant she had sewn.

"Dan?"

"The forward oar," the red-head answered.

"I'm stroke," Dick Youle announced without waiting to be asked.

"And I am in charge," Jack said a little stiffly. "When she's afloat, I ship the rudder and tiller and give the orders."

"In a smart manner, mind ye," Mr. Jory warned. "No skylarking till ye get used to her."

NONE of them felt the slightest desire to skylark for the moment was far too solemn. Their responsibility as owners and crew of the smartest boat in the Cove lay heavily on every one of the five children, and their eyes were anxious as they waited.

"And ye're sure ye have all seen to your parts?" Mr. Jory went on cruelly.

Sal could stand it no longer. She looked up and wailed:

"Oh, Mr. Jory—please!" she cried. "Before I scream."

"Be quiet, Sal," Jack ordered sternly. "We've got to do everything properly until we are real sailors."

He looked down on the oars resting along the thwarts, the boathook where it would be close to Dick's hand, the neatly coiled painter, the galvanised baler fastened by a lanyard to a thwart, the neatly fitting and varnished floorboards, the shining brass rowlocks dangling from thin chains to prevent them being lost, the rudder and its tiller resting inside the after end, ready to be shipped on the pintles bolted to the stern. Everything was in its proper place. The boy looked up and announced this.

MR. LADNER spoke then, reassuringly:

"And don't forget that if anything goes wrong and she strikes a rock or something, stay in the boat. She can't sink because she's fitted with enough buoyancy tanks to hold her up even if she filled with water."

Jack laughed uneasily.

"Oh, Mr. Ladner," he protested. "We aren't such fools. We know all the rocks in the Cove."

"Accidents will happen," the farmer warned.

Mr. Jory could see the five children were quivering with excitement now, and he became curt and commanding.

"All right, if ye are satisfied everything is all right—slide her into the water."

A cheer came from The Gang and they grasped the gunwales of their craft. Dan and Joe were opposite each other at her fore end, Sal and Dick faced each other across the boat aft, and Jack grasped the stern board firmly.

"Now then," he cried. "Heave—Again—Heave!"

THE Migrant went down the slipway on her keel and her fore-foot slid into the water. A cheer came from the people along the edge of the old jetty and Mr. Ladner beamed down happily as he saw the dainty craft he had built going afloat once again. He turned suddenly to Mr. Jory.

"I'm sorry I let ye, Sam Jory," he growled.

The stout little ex-sailor frowned.

"They've got to have a lesson they'll not forget," he answered. He nodded approvingly. "Smart lot, though."

The Gang had been really smart. As the fore end of the Migrant came afloat Joe had leaped into the bows, barefooted and nimble, and Dan had scrambled to the forward rowing thwart. A sharp cry from Jack and a lusty push by him and Sal and Dick, and the dinghy was fully afloat. Sal just tumbled into her place aft and Dick seemed to be in his rowing position in one movement. Jack held the boat by the stern board until he saw his crew in place, then gave a push and leaped aboard. The Migrant slid through the water and clear of the slipway with everyone in her seated and waiting.

"BOWMAN!" Jack cried, and Joe then presented the point of his boathook at the nearby wall of the jetty in case the Migrant drifted too close.

"Oars!" Jack called, and Dan and Dick slid their oars into the rowlocks they had already dropped into their holes and held the oars carefully horizontal, the blades a few inches above the water. Jack grasped the rudder and dropped it into its place, then fitted the tiller. His face was stern and determined now as he turned to face his crew. Sal, holding herself in to stop from screaming her excitement, watched the nearby wall of the jetty and went into agony in case the Migrant's gleaming paint should be scratched.

"Up together!" Jack cried, and the two oarsmen bent forward, dropped their oar blades into the water, leaned back, and then thrust with their legs and sent the Migrant ahead. Another cheer rose from the edge of the jetty, and Mr. Jory winked to his companion.

"They didn't forget a thing," he said delightedly. He cupped a hand to his mouth and hailed the boat: "Keep her in the Cove till ye've got the hang of it," he ordered.

The boat was already fully a hundred yards from the jetty now, but everyone heard Sal's scream and saw her pointing downward. They saw Jack half rise, then sit down with a thump again. The two oarsmen seemed to go right off their neat stroke, for their oars were working madly and unevenly.

Suddenly Dan missed the water altogether and fell back into Joe's lap as that boy half-stood to look down into the after end of the boat. Then, to everyone's horror, Sal started to tug at the lanyard securing the baler to a thwart, while Jack shouted angrily at his crew. All the people on the jetty ran to its tip and stared in dismay at the sudden disorder in the boat.

Continued on page 10



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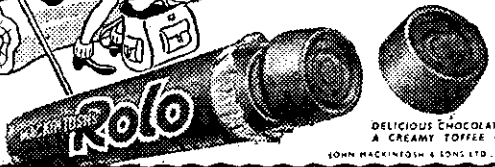
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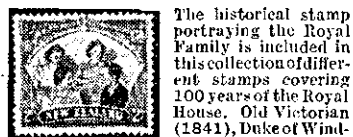
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RACING IN SOAP BOXES

Scouts have been having grand fun racing cars they have made themselves in their Festival "Soap-Box Derby," a contest organised by Vauxhall Motors and The Scout. Over 400 groups have entered converted soap-boxes for these amusing and exciting track races.

The races bring out the skill and resource of the amateur pedal-car builders. None of the cars must have cost more than £5 to make, and most of the materials in them are scrap; but Vauxhall Motors, who have given the prizes, have provided a booklet of constructional hints and diagrams, and their dealers have given advice on such matters as minimising pedal fatigue, choosing the right gear ratio, eliminating friction, securing chain tension, and so on. Constructing a really fast soap-box is quite a technical matter.

The races are divided into three sections: Wolf Cubs (10 to 11 years); Scouts (11 to 15 years); and Senior Scouts (15 to 18 years).

The London semi-finals were held in the heart of the City on a quiet Saturday afternoon, police diverting traffic. The winners were the 3rd Kenton Group with their car, The Thing, which was driven by a Cub at 17.5 m.p.h., by a Scout at 19 m.p.h., and by a Senior Scout at 20 m.p.h.

Some of the other cars had quaint names: The Colne Valley Rocket, the Earlsfield Horror, Jetless Jennie, Perivale Pirate, Holloway Hurricane.

Semi-finals have been also held in various parts of the country, and the speedsters of the north-western countries are tuning up their models for races at Salford on June 30. The Finals will be at Scarborough on September 15.

OLD YORKSHIRE SCHOOL

The Earl of Halifax is due to visit Pocklington School this Friday to open a new junior department.

Pocklington is a little market town at the foot of the Wolds in East Yorkshire and its school, endowed in 1514 by John Dolman, Canon of St. Paul's, is one of the oldest in the shire.

One of the school's most famous pupils was William Wilberforce. It was while he was still at Pocklington School that he sent his first letter to the Press denouncing slavery, and from that day he never ceased to fight for the end of the slave trade.

This year sees the 400th anni-

versary of the school's refounding in 1551. At that time, with the suppression of the religious guilds, many schools were forced to close. Pocklington, however, escaped this fate through the persistence of Thomas Dolman, who managed to retrieve properties of the guild to which it had been attached and to secure them permanently for the school his brother founded.

One of the most interesting relics of former times which the school still possesses, and one which is handed down from schoolmaster to schoolmaster, is a little silver bell, a cock-fighting bell, which dates from the days when this form of savagery was a school pastime.

SAILING WITH THE GANG

Continued from page 9

There were cries of alarm as they saw Sal throwing water out with the baler.

"They're sinking!" someone cried.

Mr. Jory came strutting masterfully among the people.

"Now, now," he commanded. "There's no danger. The tanks will hold her afloat, and they can all swim." He cupped a hand to his mouth: "Jack—bring her in again."

The boy had already given the order and had his crew under control. The boat shot towards the slipway, the oars going like a steamer's paddles. Sal was baling madly. As the boat came under them the people onshore could see water bubbling from under the floorboards, and there was a moan of horror. Mr. Jory and Mr. Ladner were on the slipway now, and as the Migrant touched the slanting surface they grasped the stem and hauled her half-way out of the water. Then they stood and looked sternly at The Gang.

"Well?" Mr. Jory demanded. "Were all your duties tended to?"

Sal was almost weeping now, and the four boys looked miserable and ashamed.

"Who should have seen to the plug?" Mr. Jory asked.

Dan looked furtively at Dick, then said:

"Me, Mr. Jory. But I was sure it was in. I looked at it yesterday."

Jack climbed from the Migrant and faced the old sailor.

"It was my fault," he said firmly. "I'm captain and I should have seen everything was right."

THEN he saw the twinkle in Mr. Jory's eyes and heard Mr. Ladner chuckle. He realised then that he and the others had been taught a lesson. So did Sal, and she stiffened and looked indignantly at the two men.

"Why," she exclaimed in a shocked tone, "you took out the plug!"

Mr. Jory laughed then, and so did the people along the edge of the jetty.

"And let that be yer first lesson," the old sailor lectured. "See everything is right before sailing. I didn't take out the plug—I just loosened it."

There was a gasp from Sal, and then she looked at Mr. Jory. He winked. She laughed, and Jack turned to his crew.

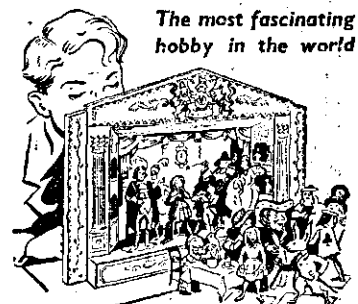
"All right," he commanded. "Put the plug in properly this time and get her afloat. This time we will see everything is right."

Five minutes later the Migrant shot clear of the jetty to the cheers and laughter of the people. The Migrant had started her new life with The Gang.

In next week's adventure The Gang have a narrow escape when they are caught in the fog.

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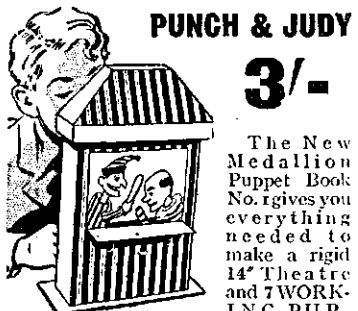
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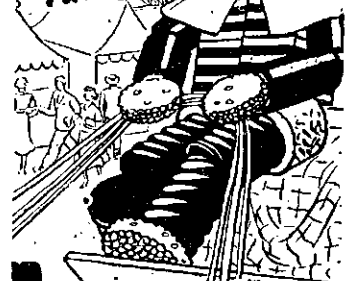
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THRILLS FOR BIRD-WATCHERS

"We seldom see a rare bird in this district," complained a landowner in the Midlands, just a month before he built a lake behind a shrubbery on his estate, but as soon as the lake was filled a rare whooper swan appeared, and strange ducks and waders dived down. At the end of the year the landowner said, "We get many rare birds in this district."

The explanation may be that "rare birds" are not always as rare as we suppose. They may fly overhead and not be noticed—until a new lake prompts them to descend in search of fish.

The recently published Sussex Bird Report seems to confirm this theory, for many strange visitors have been observed by bird-watchers in the past year. Rye harbour was visited last winter by a Bewick's swan, with the straight neck and yellow at the base of the bill which distinguish it from the familiar mute swan. The larger whooper swan—also with yellow at the base of the bill—was observed on a mill pond near Horsham, and also on Chichester canal.

The first white-spotted blue-throat to be seen in Sussex for two generations was observed last September.

That noble bird of prey, the osprey, has been a visitor to Sussex

in each of the last two years. In 1949 one of them flew up the valley of the Ouse, where the Danish invaders of Britain sailed centuries ago. It stayed for some days around Piltown pond in mid-Sussex, where its antics thrilled schoolboy anglers. Last year the osprey was seen at Eridge Park.

Sussex, being on the migration routes of the south coast, may get more rare visitors than most English counties. Yet similar surprises occasionally greet bird-watchers in all parts of Britain.

Not that the best students of wild life confine their study of birds to the unusual species. We have much to discover even about a familiar bird like the house-sparrow. The careful and cautious observation of the habits of black-birds and blue tits may be more fruitful than keeping a look-out for some rare bird.

Most keen bird-watchers are quick to acknowledge that fact. Yet none will deny the thrill that marks the moment when a rare stranger is sighted. Watching the starling and the song thrush is good fun, but always the observer hopes that his attention may be distracted by the increasingly rare wren, or the spoonbill, by the little Dartford warbler of the heaths, or that noble hawk, the kite.

FLUORINATING OUR TEETH

People who live in towns or villages where the drinking water contains a high percentage of fluorine appear to suffer less from tooth decay than those who do not. This has been shown by a survey carried out by the Ministry of Health.

Small groups of mothers and children who were born in such high fluorine areas as Slough, Colchester, and South Shields, were found to suffer less from dental decay than those in such low fluorine areas as Reading, Ipswich,

and North Shields. In fact, the onset of decay in their teeth seemed to be delayed by ten years compared with that of the dwellers in low fluorine areas.

It has been suggested that millions of pounds might be saved to the nation's Dental Services by adding fluorine to drinking water where it is needed.

Fluorine, in the form of calcium, potassium, or sodium fluorides, is found in most drinking water, but it has no effect when less than two parts in ten million.

LOCUST FIGHTING IN LONDON

A big new attack on locusts is shaping in a few "back-rooms" in South Kensington, where the Government-sponsored Anti-Locust Research Centre is concerned with the ten million square miles of Africa over which millions of these pests may again swarm this year. Locust damage throughout the world is estimated at over £30,000,000 a year, and it is not decreasing.

The locust control experts in London are in touch with the Control Service at Kara, on the Niger

River, where, in a comparatively small area, the chief danger point lies. Last year 900 concentrations of locusts were destroyed over 150 square miles.

Aircraft can help in spraying and dusting areas where the locusts are expected, but prevention is better than cure, as for all ills. That means up-to-date information from every possible source, and co-ordinating it all is the vital work done in the "back-rooms" in South Kensington by British scientists.

Theatre for the Under-twenties

The recently formed theatre-club for young people, called The Theatre for the Under-Twenties, is proving a great success at its home at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, London. Every Saturday between 300 and 400 Stepney children come, not only to enjoy plays, mime, music, and ballet, but to make a start in putting on entertainments of their own.

They are finding that the theatre, with flesh-and-blood actors, is

more exciting than the shadow performers of the cinema, especially when they produce their own shows. The experiment was started by a group of actors under Mr. Hans Roeder. It received a grant of £300 from the Nuffield Foundation, but the boys and girls intend to keep it going from their own pocket money.

It is a movement which would be welcomed by young theatre enthusiasts in other towns.

SPORTS SHORTS

ALL famous cricket touring teams have played on the beautiful Worcester ground, and on Saturday the Australian women cricketers will meet an England side there in the second Test.

CONGRATULATIONS to 13-year-old Alan St. Clair Lindsay, of Gunnersbury Preparatory School, Chiswick. In a recent cricket match he took all 10 of the Hall School, Wembley, wickets for 21 runs.

WHEN she was 13 Daphne Wilkinson was told that she would never be a champion swimmer. Now, at the age of 19, she is our national 440 yards women's champion, and an Olympic hope.

In one recent race, at the Mermaid S. C. Festival Gala, she broke three records. Her victory in the quarter-mile event, which she won in 5 minutes 22.2 seconds, gave her the British native, English, and Southern records.

MCDONALD BAILEY equalled his own British record of 9.6 seconds for the 100 yards when running recently in an A.A.A. team against Cambridge University, and then set up a new British all-comers record of 21 seconds for the 220 yards.

ANNE PASHLEY, 16-year-old Great Yarmouth High School girl, is making her mark in the athletics field, and her recent performances, especially in 100 yards events, makes her a very real rival to June Foulds, who flashed into the limelight as a sprinter last year. Anne has already run 100 yards in 11.1 seconds.

GEOFF DUKE, former war-time dispatch rider, is now the recognised "King of the Motor-cycle T.T." Last year, riding in his first T.T. in the Isle of Man, he was second in the Junior event, and then set up a record by winning the Senior race at an average speed of 92.92 m.p.h.

Earlier this month he won both Junior and Senior events, and gained new records in each race—Junior, 89.09 m.p.h., and Senior, 93.83 m.p.h. Next week Geoff Duke will be riding in the Belgian Grand Prix.

JOKE MISFIRED

A Johannesburg schoolboy who adapted the cry of "Wolf, wolf" to a game of his own is now regretting a practical joke which nearly ended in court proceedings.

Knowing that the Zulus go in fear of snakes (as, indeed, do most other people) he filled one of his sister's long stockings with sand, attached a piece of string to it, and at dusk one evening waited for the family's houseboy to come down the darkening street. At the right moment he dragged the black object across the path of the approaching Zulu boy, who, yelling "Snake, snake," ran off in terror.

But the joke did not end there. To save himself from being made the laughing-stock of his friends the Zulu sued the boy's parents for permitting an act likely to cause a breach of the peace. The matter was settled out of court, but only after the schoolboy had promised never again to play "Snake, snake."

EVERY BRIGHT BOY KNOWS...

THAT
DENNIS COMPTON
SCORED 17 CENTURIES
IN ONE SEASON

MCDONALD BAILEY
RAN 100 YARDS IN
9.6 SECONDS

JESSE OWENS
JUMPED
28 FEET 8 INCHES..
AND THAT

HASSAN ABD EL REHIM SWAM THE
CHANNEL IN 10 HOURS 50 MINUTES...

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THE BRAN TUB

POSER

BALLY was looking reflectively at his new twin brothers. "Dad," he said, "which one of the twins do you think looks most like the other?"

Prudent Tommy

THE four missing words (four letters each) all rhyme—only their first letters are different. Can you spot them?

When Tommy first went off to—
He took some matches and a—
And as the weather seemed quite

He borrowed Aunt Matilda's—

Answer next week

RODDY



"But, Daddy, an owl's supposed to be wise, and he stays up all night!"

BEDTIME CORNER

Surprise for Mrs. Housemartin

"ISN'T it nice that our five children can feed themselves now," said Mr. Housemartin to his wife as they swooped along the river one hot summer afternoon.

"Yes, indeed," she agreed. She glanced contentedly at the flock of young Housemartins which their children had joined that morning, and which were now hawking flies along the shallows. "But when I've had a rest, and tidied my plumage," she said, "I'll get the nest ready again for our second brood. Then they'll be hatched and trained in good time for our autumn journey to Africa."

Some days later she went back to inspect her saucer-shaped nest of mud with the entrance in the side which she had built under the eaves of the River Bridge Hotel.

"The entrance hole wants plastering a bit, or the babies will fall out," she said. And off she flew to get some mud.

Imagine her surprise when, as she laid the first beakful in place, a hen sparrow popped

her head out of the hole and chirruped angrily: "Go away! This is my nest."

"Your nest, indeed!" twittered Mrs. Housemartin. "I built it!"

"Well, it's mine now!" snapped the sparrow. "And I shall soon be laying." And she drew in her head.

In vain Mrs. Housemartin twittered and fluttered and tried to turn the sparrow out. Then her husband and several other Housemartins joined in; but they could not get that sparrow to go. "They're often like that when they take our nests," said an elderly Housemartin. "Come and build beside our nests under the bridge."

So quickly Mrs. Housemartin began another nest. The very day it was finished the elderly Housemartin came along.

"What d'you think!" she cried. "The hotel window-cleaner has just pulled down that old nest of yours, and that sparrow will have to build her own nest now!"

JANE THORNICROFT



WHEN UNCLE JACKO CAME MARCHING HOME



Uncle Jacko was returning from his wanderings on foreign soil, and young Jacko had been sent to meet him at the docks. He was looking forward to the meeting, for Uncle Jacko had written that he was bringing some unusual pets with him. Jacko wandered round the docks until suddenly he heard his name called. He turned, and there was Uncle Jacko with his unusual pets—a tiger, a bear, a hippo, a croc . . . Jacko turned and fled!

Transformation

BRAGGED a careless woodcutter named Topper.

"I am truly a wonderful chopper." Soon there came a loud "Oh!" As the axe struck his toe, And old Topper became a grass-hopper.

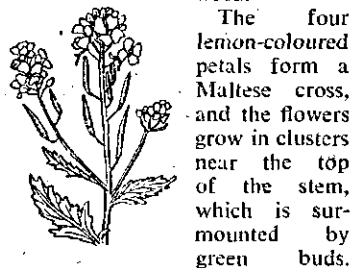
WASTED

THE boy was watching the painter at work. "How many coats are you going to give it?"

"Two," replied the painter. "If you gave it three coats would the third be an overcoat?" "No; a waste-coat."

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

CHARLOCK, or wild mustard, can be found growing on waste ground, and also in cornfields, where it is a very troublesome weed.



The four lemon-coloured petals form a Maltese cross, and the flowers grow in clusters near the top of the stem, which is surmounted by green buds. As these buds flower, the stem grows taller and fresh buds appear. The lance-shaped leaves have scalloped edges, and are hairy and rough to the touch. The plant grows from one to two feet high.

Riddle in Rhyme

MY first sounds fond of fine attire,

My second roars, if you rouse his ire.

My whole is a flower which may be found

Blooming on almost any ground.

Answer next week

CHAIN QUIZ

The answers to the clues below are linked together, the last two letters of the first answer being the first two of the next, and so on. See if you can find the four answers.

1. English composer (1857-1934); first work composed when he was 12; famous Enigma Variations are musical "portraits" of friends.

2. Coil or group of coils in dynamo, which, moving between magnets, generates electric current; in some types of dynamo the coils remain stationary while the magnets move.

3. Meeting place of Imperial German Parliament in Berlin; building burnt out February, 1933, leaving only the shell.

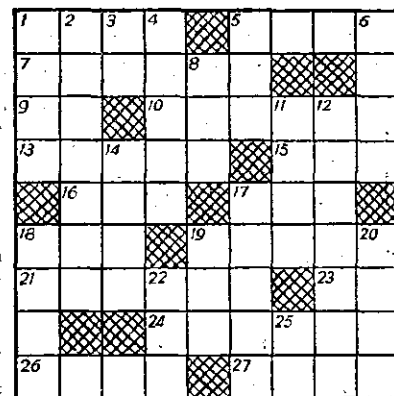
4. Brother-in-law of Helen of Troy; commander-in-chief of Greek forces during siege; quarrelled with Achilles; was murdered on his return home.

Answer next week

Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 A gem. 5 Snake-like fish. 7 Rat. 9 French for and. 10 Empty. 13 Sharply rising. 15 Decay. 16 Before. 17 Mire. 18 Professional (abbrev.). 19 Object. 21 Edible shell-fish. 23 behold. 24 A triangle has three. 26 Average. 27 Comfort.

READING DOWN. 1 Minerals. 2 Earthenware. 3 Anno Domini (abbrev.). 4 Assembly. 5 And so on (abbrev.). 6 Badger's home. 8 Light sleep. 11 Type of lily. 12 Small rounded lumps. 14 His statue is in Piccadilly Circus, London. 17 Join together. 18 Verse. 19 A lion lives in one. 20 Flower. 22 Brown. 25 French article. Answer next week



FISHY

THE subject for the drawing homework was a fish.

The following morning all the boys except Harry produced their drawings, and teacher demanded an explanation.

"Well, sir," said Harry, "I drew a very good picture of a fish, and left it lying on the table. But when I came down this morning I found that the cat had licked the picture off the paper."

Riddle-my-name

MY first's in swim, not sink.

My next in mead, not honey;

My third's in crack, not chink;

My fourth in skate, not tunny.

In Germany they'd think

This boy was made of money!

Answer next week

The Proper Place

TEACHER: Will you please tell me where Magna Carta was signed, John?

John (who had never heard of Runnymede): At the bottom of the page, miss.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

YOUNG NEWTS. "Quickly,

Don; here's a funny fish," called Ann. "Where?" replied her brother, peering into the depths of the Long-pond. Several greyish creatures about two inches long were swimming about. "They're not fish," Don exclaimed. "Look, they have legs."

"Well, what are they?" Ann demanded.

"They are young newts, which have nearly passed from the tadpole stage," said Farmer Gray.

"I've never seen newt-spawn," Don remarked.

"That is because Mrs. Newt lays her eggs singly and fixes them to a leaf or stem of a water-plant," the farmer explained. "When the eggs hatch, the tadpoles develop much as frog tadpoles."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle-my-name. D (ore) en.

Chain-quiz. Morgan, Antelope, Peru, Rubens.

One for John. Mr. Rakewell sowed six marrow seeds.



Sharps

The word for Toffee



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